

THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Coppey.*



A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.
BY G. E. BARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—EXPLANATIONS.

The morning after making the discovery mentioned in my last chapter was one of our sea-bathing mornings, and I was joined by Mr. Smithers (for so it will still be convenient to call William Bix) as we were marching to St. Judith's Bay.

"You are a sharp lad, George Burley," said he, when, under some pretext or other, he had drawn me a little

apart from the rest of the boys, so as to be out of ear-shot.

"Am I, sir?"

"Yes; why, you know you are, and I don't like you the worse for it. I was reckoned sharp and clever when I was your age."

I knew this; I had heard it from other lips than his; but it gave me no gratification to be told that I bore any resemblance to him. Sharp and clever! Well, I had no objection to being sharp and clever, but better be dull and stupid all my life than turn sharpness and cleverness to such base purposes as he had turned them.

Some such thoughts came into my mind, and rested there with a heavy weight long afterwards; and it was not till I reflected that sharpness and vice are not necessarily associated in character, that I got rid of the uncomfortable feeling.

"I think we may as well understand one another better than we have done," continued Mr. Smithers. "Confess, now; you do not know what to make of me, do you?"

If I had replied exactly as I thought, I might have said that I made a great rascal of him in my mind. But this would not have been polite, nor very wise either; so I said that I supposed I did not altogether know what to make of him.

"You have behaved very well to me," he said. "You have kept my secret admirably. No one can possibly guess from your manner towards me that we have ever met before, still less that we are such near and dear relations" (this was spoken half-sneeringly); "and I am persuaded that you intend to keep close concerning me, not only here, but in Silver Square. Now this is what I like, and I have a mind to take you further into my confidence. What do you say?"

"If you please, sir, I had rather you didn't," said I, in desperation.

"But how can you help yourself?" he demanded, with a grim smile. "If I choose to place confidence in you, I may, I suppose. And there is no harm in it either, is there?"

I told Mr. Smithers that I was much obliged to him for his good opinion of me, and that I did not know of there being any harm in it; but that what I meant was, if it was all the same to him, I did not wish to have any more secrets to keep for anybody.

He laughed, not loudly—for that would have attracted notice, which he wished to avoid—but sardonically. "You have told me as much as this before, Hurly," said he, "and I give you credit for immense prudence. But yet you know as well as I do that you are burning with curiosity about me. Come, now, don't you want to know why I wrote that forged letter to your white-bearded friend, Jack Falconer?"

"I dare say you did it out of mischief, or spite, or something of that sort," I replied.

"You are wrong, then," said he, with another disagreeable laugh. "I have found out that it is very bad policy to be mischievous and spiteful, at any rate without an adequate motive. By the way, you know that I drink nothing stronger than water now?"

Yes, I knew it; I said so, and might have added that one of the boys had made a doggerel song about him for this strange peculiarity, for so it was then considered.

"Now listen, Hurly. When you first saw me, years ago, in old Filby's shop, you know what I was?"

"Yes, you were—" I stopped short of saying something uncomplimentary.

"You need not hesitate," said my uncle. "You may say what you please: you won't offend me. I was a beast, was I not?"

"You were too fond of strong drink, sir," said I.

"Just so. And at that time, when I was putting an enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains, I should have been foolish enough to do anything for mischief and spite, even for the fun of it. But I saw my error, and am reformed, you see."

"Yes, sir; and a very good thing, I think," said I.

"A very good thing; yes, I am inclined to think so; at any rate, it has answered my purpose hitherto. Perhaps you would like to know how, and when, and why I altered my habits?"

As there could be no dangerous secret in this information, but as, on the contrary, this conversation seemed to be leading us away from such matters, I said I should like to know.

"Good," said he; "so you shall. You remember that day when I called at Silver Square, and, instead of finding the old man at home, as I expected, fell in with Jack Falconer, whom I did not at all expect nor wish to meet?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You remember, too, that I then for the first time made your acquaintance, with the knowledge that you were not only my nephew, but had been adopted by your grandfather to step into my shoes?"

"I don't know what you mean by stepping into your shoes, sir," said I.

"Never mind; I understand it; and it is rather creditable to me, I think, to have kept on such very good terms with you. But I am running away from my story, and I must not make it too long. I began to tell you about my reformation. You know, I dare say, that Jack Falconer gave me some money that day, in Silver Square—threw it to me as he would have thrown a bone to a dog. At any rate, he did. A couple of guineas it was, and I would have thrown them back in his face if I could have afforded the loss; but I couldn't, and so I pocketed the affront. Now you may suppose, perhaps, that the first thing I did after that was to go and get drunk. But I didn't. I had a pretty considerable battle with myself, however; but prudence conquered, and I made a vow that day that I would never wet my lips again with anything stronger than water till I had taken my revenge on Falconer. You may stare, Hurly; I'll give you leave to disbelieve me if you like; but it is true for all that; and, what is more, I have kept my vow, and mean to keep it. If the fellow had given me only two shillings, I should have given way to my propensity. But two guineas! why, I hadn't handled gold, I don't know when; and I began, all at once, to feel like a miser. Two guineas was a rich capital for me; and why shouldn't I trade upon it? Thanks to Betsy Miller and you, I had had a good meal of bread-and-cheese, and was not hungry; and before hunger had time to come round again I had spent thirty shillings on sufficient drugs to set me up as a travelling quack doctor. My medical education helped me out there, you see. And, now I have told you the how, and the when, and the why of my reforming my drinking habits, let us go back to what we first started with—my writing that letter."

Mr. Smithers stopped here to take breath, and left me for a moment or two, while he stepped forward to call order in his troop of pupils, who were becoming boisterous. Having accomplished this, he returned to my side, and resumed the conversation, we being now about half-way between the school and our bathing-place.

"Now, then, for that letter in which I persecuted our dear friend Mrs. Tozer. You said that I probably wrote it out of spite or mischief: what would you think if I were to say that you were the cause of it?"

"I, sir!"

"Yes, you, Hurly. I can make it clear to you in a few words. But, first of all, I must tell you that I happened to see the advertisement (Jack Falconer's I mean) in a newspaper—I forget what paper—while I was hawking my medicines in the neighbourhood of London. I understood it all at a glance. It was evident to me, who was pretty well up in the history of Master Falconer and his precious friend Frank Tozer, that Jack was

getting soft-hearted towards his cousins, and was beating about for a reconciliation, and after that, of course, was to come an alteration in his will. Now it did not, and does not, signify a straw to me what becomes of Jack Falconer's money when he dies, for he will take good care that I get none of it if he can help it. But it might signify to you, Hurly; and, from two or three things I heard, I fancied it might signify to you whether or not Jack found his friends. Do you follow me now, Hurly?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said I.

"You are not quite so sharp as I thought you to be, then; but I'll try to make myself clearer. It was currently reported round Silver Square that your white-bearded friend was so fond of you that you were likely to be his heir when he died. Did he never give you a hint of this intention?"

"No, he never did; and I didn't want him to," I replied. "And, another thing, I am not to be his heir whether I want to be or not."

"Well, well, don't be too warm, Hurly. If you talk so loud, you will be overheard, and that isn't worth while. To go on with what I was saying, I believed you stood a good chance of a fortune, unless some one else should be found to supersede you. But I saw in that advertisement some danger of your having a rival; for I happened, as you are aware, to have a previous knowledge of Mrs. Tozer, and I felt pretty sure that, if Jack Falconer found her out, and became acquainted with her circumstances, and should take a fancy to Marmaduke, as was not unlikely, your chance would be gone. Now do you see why I wrote that letter?"

"No, sir," I said.

"I'll tell you, then. I knew Jack to be a fastidious fellow, who would stand no nonsense of a sort, and I fancied that I could give him the alarm, and even drive him away from England, perhaps, with a flea in his ear, if I were to personate Mrs. Tozer, and, while giving a true account of herself and of her husband's death, should write in such a fond, foolish, and familiar style as would make him believe that she was seeking to entrap him into marriage."

"It was very mischievous and wicked in you to do such a thing," I interposed.

"Granted, my little mentor; but I did it for your sake, you see. For why should Jack Falconer's money go out of our family, I thought to myself, even though I should not have any share of it?"

"But your letter did not do what you wanted."

"No; it seemed that I reckoned without my host. At any rate, my plans miscarried for that time. Either I did not write plainly enough, or Falconer was more obtuse than I supposed: whichever way it was, the bait attracted instead of repelled, and all I could do was to be upon the spot, as you know, and watch for results. But the game is not over yet, Hurly; and you may find out, by-and-by, that I have been a better friend to you than you suppose. And now we may as well end our talk for this time. I need not remind you that all I have said has been in confidence." Saying this, Mr. Smithers walked away, and left me in a maze of wonderment, with another secret thrust upon me to burden my mind.

I have said before, and I repeat it now, that, if a writer were expected to explain and lay bare, or even to understand, the hidden springs and motives of all the strange actions of those of whom his story treats, he might well lay down his pen in despair. Let the reader think for a moment of the many unaccountable and contradictory and paradoxical characters to be met with in every-day life, and he will understand what I mean. Especially

let him remember what is said in the Bible about the human unrenewed heart, that it is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and he will admit the difficulty to which I have referred. Nevertheless, a partial key may be suggested for the apparent frankness of my unprincipled relative, in the fact that he felt assured of my being pretty well provided for by Mr. Falconer, even though I should not eventually be his principal legatee, and that it answered my uncle's purpose to impress me with a sense of obligation towards himself, and so, like the unjust steward in the Divine parable, "make to himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." Moreover, whether he would or not, I knew too much about him to render it safe for him, should I choose to reveal what I knew; and, by putting on a show of frankness and friendliness, and further confidence, he hoped to secure my continued silence. All this is patent to me now, though I did not think of it then. I had wit enough, however, to perceive that he had some selfish end to answer by his pretended openness; and it struck me, as it has since done still more forcibly, that in the reformation of which he had made a boast he was much like the man in another of our Saviour's parables, whose heart was the home of one unclean spirit, which, being expelled, made way for seven other spirits more wicked than himself.

But, after all, my dangerous uncle, with all his professed frankness, had cleared up but a very little of the mystery which surrounded him. Even if it were true that he had forged the letter for my benefit (having an eye to his own ultimate advantage), this was no explanation of his previous knowledge of Mrs. Tozer, nor of his reasons for following Marmaduke to St. Judith's School, where he did not expect to find me; above all, it did not give me any insight into his past history in relation to a matter which dwelt very much on my mind.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A NARROW ESCAPE.

I was puzzling myself with various conjectures, and very sincerely wishing that Mr. Smithers had kept his confidential communications to himself, when we reached the beach, and then a circumstance occurred which effectually, for that time, put them out of my thoughts.

I have said, I think, that there were nearly or quite a hundred boys in the school. Of course they were of various ages and different temperaments—some dull and stupid, others sharp and clever, as Mr. Smithers had pronounced me to be; some good-natured and generous, others ill-tempered and avaricious; some timid and meek, others bold and boisterous. This is nothing to my present purpose, however, except that it leads me to say that some of the characteristics I have mentioned seemed to be lost to their owners in the act of putting off their clothes for the purpose of bathing. Some of the dullest and stupidest of the boys were the most famous swimmers in the whole school, while the sharp and clever ones, with all their efforts, could never learn to strike a single stroke in the water effectually. So with the timid and meek on land—they were, some of them, the boldest and most adventurous in the sea; while the bold and daring spirits were effectually cowed by the sight of salt water, and were in the habit of standing shivering on the brink long before they could summon courage to wet even the soles of their feet.

One of the best swimmers in the school was my particular friend and chosen companion, Edwin Millman, who, with his clothes on, was one of the quietest and gentlest boys I ever knew. As for myself, I was a very fair hand at splashing about on the margin of the water, but I had an invincible dislike to the process of plunging

beneath the surface, as was expected of us, and also rigidly enforced on recusants; and, as to hazarding my precious life in venturing to swim out of my depth, I should have considered it a tempting of Providence, and I would none of it.

There were general instructions given, indeed, to our monitors and teachers, on no account to allow the bathers to go beyond a buoy which duly marked the line where shallow water ended. But this regulation, like many old laws in all codes of jurisprudence, had become almost a dead letter. At any rate, the few good and bold swimmers in the school—unmindful of the warning conveyed in the tragic history of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, as set forth by Mr. Daniel Fenning, and so dear to schoolboys of fifty years ago—scorned the buoy, and were never so happy as when disporting themselves in the deep water beyond.

On the particular morning of which I am treating, and while I was cautiously advancing, step by step, into the bay, and three or four score of boys were lining the beach in various stages of picturesque disarray, a loud and piercing cry was heard from the surface of the deeper sea, followed instantly by loud shouts of alarm from the few bathers who were already in the water, and who, at the same time, were seen strenuously scrambling towards the beach in sore dismay. Another cry, which sounded like "Help, help me!" uttered in a despairing tone, roused me from a sort of stupefied trance. By this time the water was deserted, and very hurried questions were put by the startled multitude who were yet dry-foot: "Who is it?" "What is it?" "What is the matter?" and so forth.

I heard the answers, too; at least, I heard parts of them, and they were enough.

"It is Millman—Edwin Millman—cramp. Oh, he'll be drowned!—told him not to go beyond the buoy. Oh-o-o!"

All this was but the affair of a few seconds, and, on casting my eyes seaward, I saw, some distance beyond the buoy, my poor friend, sinking deeper and deeper, until, in spite of his impotent struggles, his head was almost entirely submerged, and then one arm was thrown up, frantically beating the water. Then I turned my head and looked to the shore. One glance was enough to show me that there was little hope of Edwin being rescued. A crowd of eager, blanched, and frightened faces were, indeed, gazing towards their cramp-seized schoolfellow, and two or three of the teachers (Mr. Smithers among them) were hastily throwing off their garments; but I knew that only one of these could swim, and I suspected that he was a coward.

"I can never get out so far as that," I heard him say; "and if I could," he added, in a tremulous voice, "I should get pulled under water; for I never have saved anybody from drowning, and I don't know how. We had better send to the fishermen's huts, Mr. Smithers, and get them to push off in a boat."

There was little hope, therefore, for my poor friend, from that or any quarter, and, when I turned my agonized glance towards the spot where I had last seen him, he had disappeared, and only a slight ruffle disturbed the smooth water that had closed over him.

I did not hesitate any longer. Edwin himself, poor boy, had given me a few lessons in swimming, and I knew how to keep myself for a little while on the surface; so I struck out as well as I could, my very desperation giving me momentary strength and courage, I think.

"Come back, Burley!" and "Don't be a stupid, George!" and "Hurly, Hurly, mind what you are

about!" sounded faintly in my ears as I tried to keep my head above water, and continued to struggle on. It was marvellous to me at that time, and it is almost as marvellous now, that from the moment of my first striking out I felt no fear whatever; it is equally marvellous that I positively made progress. How long it took me to reach the buoy I have not the slightest idea; but I did reach it, and it occurred to me then, for the first time, that I might have saved myself the trouble of swimming to that spot, where the water would have been about up to my shoulders when standing. I did not stop, however, to consider how much strength I had wasted, but still pushed on, excited by seeing my hapless companion, at only a few yards' distance, rising to the surface, and still faintly and ineffectually struggling. By this time I was aware that the temporary panic on shore had subsided, and that a score at least of stout swimmers had splashed into the water, and were hastening to the rescue.

Of what followed I have only an imperfect remembrance. I think I recollect, as one painfully recalls a last night's dream, reaching young Millman as he was in the act of sinking for the second time, and grasping him by the arms; then of our sinking together, and of my struggling to get free from his convulsive clasp; then of a horrid sound in my ears like the rushing of many waters, combined with the booming of a funeral bell; then of a painful choking when my little breath was gone, or rather, as I suppose, when my lungs refused any longer to remain inactive; and then all thought and sense left me.

When I came to myself, I found that I was stretched on the beach, undergoing a considerable amount of friction at the hands of three or four eager schoolfellows, who, taking their instructions from Mr. Smithers, as I was afterwards told, were doing all that lay in their power to restore me to life, *secundum artem*.

But this dim consciousness did not last long. I sank into a sort of dream, in which, though my mind was active, I lost all knowledge of my own identity, and had strange visions of beautiful green fields and brilliant sunshine; and, before I once more regained my waking senses, I was being conveyed schoolwards, partly clothed, by two stout fishermen, who had volunteered this service. Then I was laid in bed, covered with warm blankets, and supplied with powerful restoratives, till I sank into a deep and healthy sleep, to awake, some hours afterwards, somewhat weak and languid, but otherwise none the worse for my immersion.

My first thought on awaking was to ask, of a nurse whom I found by my bedside, what had become of Edwin Millman; also how I was got out of the water. But she was stupid, and the only reply I could obtain from her was that the other young gentleman was "doing as well as could be expected, considering."

"He wasn't drowned, then?" I said, eagerly.

"No, he wasn't drowned, which is a great mercy; for he was a terrible while a-coming to," she replied, adding that I should hear all about it by-and-by, but that I had better not talk now. I obeyed her injunctions; and, "by-and-by," I heard, from one of the boys who was permitted to see me, that Edwin had had a very narrow escape; that if it had not been for Mr. Smithers, who persevered, for an hour or more after I was restored, in using the ordinary means in such cases provided, before any apparent success attended them, the poor boy would have been dead. Eventually, however, his suspended animation returned, and he was brought home as I had been; but he was still so weak that two doctors were in attendance on him.

"Will he get better?" I asked.

"Oh, no fear, Hurly. He'll be all right before long; so the doctors say."

"This was better than I had feared; and, for the first time, I was thankful that my uncle, with his *alias*, had made his appearance at St. Judith's; for undoubtedly his knowledge and skill had contributed to the saving of my poor friend's life.

"You don't ask how you were got out of the water," said my schoolfellow.

"No; how was it?"

It was thus: five minutes or more after Edwin and I had sunk in each other's grasp, and when half a dozen hardy swimmers were diving for us ineffectually, the tide carried us in towards shore, and we were seen and picked up by Mr. Smithers and another of the teachers who had ventured out no farther than the buoy. And I may just remark that the only one of the teachers who could swim, and had proclaimed his cowardice at the first alarm, directly afterwards took to his heels, leaving half of his garments behind, and claimed credit for being the first to convey tidings of the disaster to the school. I may also add that Mr. Thompson was so insensible to this good service as to call him a poltroon, and to dismiss him the same day from his situation.

OLD EDINBURGH RECOLLECTIONS.

ONE of the earliest objects which I remember in Edinburgh was the guard-house of the old Town Guard, a low, black wooden building in the middle of the street, contrasting strangely with the lofty piles which form the picturesque and imposing High Street. On the night of the Porteus mob, the rioters, without ill-usage, or even insult, easily disarmed the soldiers on duty, and marched in mighty force from the Nether Bow port, in their determined progress, to the old Tolbooth prison, or "Heart of Mid-Lothian." The traditions of that memorable night were still very rife in my time. I knew an old lady who dated her birth from the night of the Porteus mob. I have read a local biography of Porteus, intended to keep up the national abhorrence of the unhappy victim. Among other items of his early misdoings, it was stated that he wantonly destroyed an old woman's hen, and received her malediction, to the effect that she wished as many people would look on at his death as there were feathers on her hen. He became a soldier in the wars of Flanders, where he acquired that reckless ferocity and boldness which proved so useful to the magistrates of Edinburgh, but so fatal to himself. On their way down the West Bow to the Grass Market, the mob broke open a shop where twine and cordage were sold, seized a coil of rope, and left a guinea in its place. The shop was remaining in my time, and the same articles were sold there.

In the winter of 1787 there were a great many burglaries and shopbreakings, and the principal actor in them was a Mr. William Brodie, one of the Town Council of Edinburgh. He was a prosperous tradesman, as was evidenced by his being Deacon of the Hammermen, and Member of Council; but unfortunately he was seized with the ambition of imitating the heroes of the "Beggar's Opera," and accordingly he sung flash songs, collected associates, and sought very daring adventures. At last he formed the project of robbing the Excise, which was then situated in an obscure court in the Canongate. He got no great prize, for all the plunder amounted to only £16. It was a dangerous prank, however, and Brodie thought it wise to seek conceal-

ment in London. He had no difficulty in being admitted to the society of kindred spirits there; and the profligates of the gang, both male and female, behaved with the "honour" proverbial among thieves. George Williamson, the principal thief-taker of Edinburgh, was despatched to London in quest of him, and passed him in the streets without recognising him. At length Brodie embarked on board a vessel in the river, with several passengers going to Scotland. While proceeding on their voyage he gave the captain of the vessel an order from his owners, desiring him to alter his voyage, take him over to Holland, and land him in Rotterdam. A passenger for Scotland having left the vessel, and Brodie knowing he was to be in Edinburgh, gave him a letter to one Henderson, in the Grassmarket, who kept a cockpit, inquiring about the matches going on, and other similar concerns. When the man reached Edinburgh he found the hue and cry loud after Brodie, and it struck him that his fellow-passenger, who had given him the letter to take to Edinburgh, answered the description. He then resolved to open the letter, which proved to be from Brodie. He gave up the letter to the authorities, and the reward of £100 offered for information was ordered to be paid. Whether the faithless messenger carried the order to the bank himself, I know not; but whoever did, contrived to slip one of the £10 notes up his sleeve, and successfully imposed on the cashiers to that amount. George Williamson was now on the right scent; and, going over to Rotterdam, the Dutch authorities gave up Brodie. Williamson brought his prisoner one morning to Sheriff Cockburn, father of Lord Cockburn, who lived in a country house on the road to Edinburgh. The party breakfasted at the magistrate's house. I knew the housekeeper who made breakfast for them. Brodie was conveyed to the Tolbooth, and in due time tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged at the west end thereof, by an improved method which he had himself suggested when in office. He continued the same hardened character to the last; and one of his latest remarks was, that death was a leap in the dark. The excitement in Edinburgh and surrounding districts, on the day of the execution (1st October, 1788), was immense; and I remember being sent to the country at an early hour, to be out of harm's way.

The first time I saw the illumination of a great city was at the rejoicings in Edinburgh for the king's recovery from his illness in March 1789. There was a block of houses called the Luckenbooths, close to the Tolbooth, which from some cause was uninhabited, and in the morning it presented a scene of desolation, every pane of glass in its windows being shattered with stones.

In two months afterwards, the first French Revolution burst forth. I happened to know about it much sooner than a child could be expected to do; for my father, who was employed in a newspaper office, informed me that the boys of Paris were carrying about dogs' and cats' heads stuck on the points of spits and rods, in imitation of their seniors, who were parading the streets with the heads of some who had offended the mob, at the end of the pikes with which they had been assassinated.

The time when I began to know Edinburgh was only a year or two later than the events narrated by Sir Walter Scott and Lord Cockburn in their autobiographies, and I well remember the places and characters they mention. Everybody who has read Sir Walter's Life remembers the gallant "Green-breaks," who headed the *bickers* of the street boys against the gentlemen's sons of George's Square; and how one of these stabbed

"Green-breeks," to the danger of his life; and how the noble fellow refused to give up the name of his assailant, and how the gentlemen's sons, wishing to testify their sense of his chivalrous conduct, entered into a negotiation by means of a popular ginger-bread baker. The baker's name was Fletcher; his shop was in the Cross Causeway, and I have often dealt with him in his tempting commodity.

I remember Jamie Laing, the assessor of the magistrates, who, to Lord Cockburn's horror, sent on board a man-of-war, without trial or sentence, some respectable baker lads for a small street squabble.

My reminiscences extended a little farther from the Meadows and George's Square, in consequence of my living at the Castle Hill, or the approach to the garrison. The passing and repassing of the soldiers to the Castle was a never-failing source of interest, and I became quite knowing in the different regiments. The first I remember was the 7th Fusiliers, which I never saw from 1788 till I again fell in with their blue facings at the camp of Chobham in 1853.

The southern slope of the Castle Hill was burnt up by the meridian sun, and presented numerous hollows, where the sandstone strata were laid bare as they had been upheaved by the melted trap from below. The northern slope was a beautiful green declivity, with here and there a little hillock or two to break the monotony of its surface. At the bottom was an extended marsh, bearing a fertile crop of nettles and hemlock. Nothing barred the access to the basaltic rocks on which the castle was built; and even at this distance of time it makes me shudder to think of the venturous way in which we boys climbed the slippery paths to get at a projecting rock on which grew a solitary alder-bush, from which it was our delight to cut off branches, to push out the soft pith with which they abounded, and to make whistles of the reed. Such were the toys for which we risked our lives.

In 1792 the French Revolution had made sad progress, and the mobs of the great towns of Britain began to repeat the lessons of their Paris brethren. One summer evening, the Edinburgh mob resolved to burn in effigy, if not in person, Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, whose house was in George's Square. The magistrates took what measures they could; but, besides the regiment in the Castle, there was no military nearer than Dalkeith, where there lay a detachment of cavalry. To give the alarm when they were wanted, two guns were fired from the Half-moon battery, and a blazing tar-barrel lighted in a large iron cage on the same ramparts, looking towards Dalkeith. When the dragoons arrived, they fired upon the mob; and, as our school was in the vicinity of George's Square, I heard the shots, and, looking out at a window, I saw by the twilight of a northern midsummer night a man running across the fields, making his escape from the scene of action. A number of persons were killed; and I saw after, in a shoemaker's workshop, a narrative printed on coarse paper broadsides to exasperate still further the working classes.

In 1794 the revolutionary spirit proceeded to still further imitations. A tree of liberty was carried along the North Bridge, surrounded by an exulting crowd. The magistrates did not on this occasion trust to the military, but persuaded the captain of the "Hind" frigate, then in Leith Roads, to send his disciplined crew on shore to quell the rioters. The sailors, accustomed to the well-known and shrill sound of the boatswain's call, acted with their usual skill and bravery, succeeded in wresting the tree of liberty from its bearers

and surrounding escort, and threw it over the bridge into the deep valley below.

In 1797, when there was an urgent necessity to increase the strength of the Royal Navy, a law was passed, requiring the different towns and seaports of Scotland to furnish a certain quota of men. The number from Edinburgh was to be 106, but out of the abundance of her loyalty she voluntarily added another hundred. Not only so, but, all unconsciously, she sent among her conscripts one who became the ringleader of the mutiny of the fleet at the Nore, and who was elevated by his associates to the title of Admiral Parker. The man who was raised to this dangerous eminence, and whose career was terminated by his being hanged at the yard-arm of his ship at Sheerness, was a mechanic, who made golf-balls for the golfers on Bruntsfield Links. At the height of the mutiny I asked one of the workmen whether he knew Parker. He answered that he knew him perfectly well, and wrought in the same workshop with him.*

In 1793 and 1794 the terrorism and oppression of the ruling powers was dreadful. An attendance at an opposition meeting in Edinburgh, says Lord Cockburn, between the years 1795 and 1820, was understood to be perilous. The very banks were overawed, and conferred their favours with a very different hand to the adherents of the two parties. There were many with whom horror of French principles was a party pretext. But there were also many with whom it was a sincere feeling, and who, in their fright, saw in every Whig a person who was already a Republican, and not unwilling to become a regicide. These views were carried with outrageous vehemence to the judicial bench itself. On the 30th of August, 1793, Jeffrey was present, as a spectator, at the trial of Mr. Thomas Muir, advocate, who was that day dealt with at Edinburgh for what was then called "sedition." There was a story about the mother of that unfortunate man having dreamed that he would one day be Lord Chancellor. "I stayed fourteen hours," says Jeffrey, "at the Chancellor's trial, who was condemned to banishment for fourteen years." That meant Botany Bay in those days. Sir Samuel Romilly saw that trial too. Neither of them ever forgot it. Jeffrey never mentioned it without horror. Sober and grave men, in reading of the trial at the time, could not see what Muir had done wrong. He must have had his term shortened, for I remember, not many years afterwards, reading in the papers that, on his return home, the vessel in which he sailed was attacked by a French privateer. Muir was wounded, and carried into a Spanish port, where he died.

In the immediately subsequent years more trials for sedition took place—of Palmer, Margarot, and Fitzgerald. The lofty bearing of the accused parties, their romantic enthusiasm, and the severity of the sentences inflicted on them, excited a deep and general interest. Posterity has done them justice, has reversed their sentences, and decided that they were true reformers, in advance of their age. Englishmen have united with Scotchmen in doing them honour, and a lofty monu-

* It may be explained to some English readers that golf is a game in which one or more parties matched, strike a hard but light ball with a club to a great distance, and then follow the ball to get it into a hole in the earth with the fewest possible strokes, as the ivory balls are got into the bags at the billiard-table. It is a game intensely national. About the middle of last century Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk, one day went to Richmond to play a game at Garrick's, who then had a country seat there. As Carlyle was passing through Kensington, the ends of the clubs were seen projecting from the carriage windows; and the soldiers of the Coldstream Guards, then on duty at the palace, seeing the well-known remembrancers of Scotland, cheered them as they passed.

ment, on the beautiful cemetery of the Calton Hill, perpetuates the fame of the political martyrs of 1794.

In the summer of 1798 the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, visited Edinburgh. The pulpits of the Established Church were not yet closed against the ministers of other denominations; and Mr. Simeon preached to crowded and delighted audiences. Numbers seemed to be animated by the same affectionate spirit with himself, and many had their faith and love to the Saviour increased. A few months afterwards, in the same year, the Rev. Rowland Hill came down to open the Circus as a place of worship for the followers of the Haldanes. He preached at seven in the morning, with fervour and affection, to a crowded audience. In the evening it was found that the Circus, with all its galleries, could not contain the expecting hearers, who thereupon adjourned to the Calton Hill. There were no lofty buildings, as now, interposed between the Circus and the hill, so that the multitude easily clambered up the steep ascent. They seated themselves, or stood by thousands in a beautiful green hollow, which formed a natural amphitheatre to accommodate the listening and gazing multitude. It was a grand sight to behold such a gathering, and to hear the clear voice of one of the greatest orators and preachers of his time proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation.

The annual doings in Edinburgh on the 4th of June, the birthday of George the Third, could not fail to strike deeply the boyish imagination. But, looking back through the long vista of the past, I cannot say the recollection is a pleasant one. The day was a long saturnalia from beginning to end. In the morning the outrageous seizure of unsuspecting passengers, to make them burghers, was savage and brutal. To resist or to fly was alike unavailing: the only mitigation of the ill-treatment was to be obtained by taking it as good-humouredly as possible, and joining in the sport. Through the whole day bonfires blazed, little pieces of ordnance were discharged, squibs and crackers bounded and hissed, and Johnnie Wilkes, odious to Scotsmen, was burned in effigy. At noon a royal salute was fired from the Castle, and the garrison, enveloped in the smoke, marched to the esplanade and fired a *feu-de-joue*. In the evening the rabble pelted each other with filthy missiles of every kind, amid repeated volleys of musketry from the City Guard, as toast after toast was proclaimed, and glass after glass was swallowed, by the magistrates and their guests assembled in the vast outer hall of the Parliament House. Altogether, it was a degrading and immoral celebration, and I fear the traces of it are not yet extinct.

For a period of more than twenty years, from 1793 to 1814, few regiments of the line garrisoned Edinburgh Castle. The regular troops had so much to do in the wars with the French Republic and the Empire that the inland stations were left to fencibles, and more especially to the English militia regiments. I looked with admiration on the magnificent grenadiers of the Nottingham militia, and on their two companies of sharpshooters, not clothed in Lincoln green, but in the gray livery of Sherwood Forest. The smart wives of the English soldiers thought themselves banished to a barbarous country, and looked with disgust on the awkwardly-dressed women of Scotland, of the same grade of life, who went about the streets without stockings or shoes.

In 1793 the 53rd Regiment, from Edinburgh, embarked at Leith to join the British army under the command of the Duke of York in Flanders, then, as usual, the battle-field of Europe. Success attended the Duke

for a time; and great was the triumph when Valenciennes surrendered to the British arms; but all their glory was lost at the disastrous affair of Dunkirk, which was described as not a battle, but a race: we ran, and they ran; and the French Republican enthusiasm prevailed.

In 1799, when the victories of the Russians under Suwarow had driven the French out of Italy, the British Government thought they could annoy the French Directory by an expedition to Holland. The army landed at the Helder in gallant style, made good their footing in the country, and waited for the Duke of York to take the command of the forces. A neighbour of mine, a stocking-maker by trade, by no means a very bad man, got into some trouble and took the King's shilling. He was sent to join the 92nd Highlanders. He told me that, when the Duke reached his army, the word was whispered along the line, "Ah, we shall have no more luck now!" In an engagement soon after, things were going wrong, and Sir Ralph Abercromby, a name unsullied and still dear to the British soldier, rode up in the greatest distress, exclaiming, "I am an old man, and shall be disgraced for ever. Ninety-second, charge! Ninety-second, charge!" They did as Highlanders ever do, charged nobly; and my friend the stocking-maker was wounded, invalided, and returned to his old home in Edinburgh to tell me his adventures in the war.

The continual volunteer reviews, inspections, and rifle competitions of the present day recall to my mind the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers of 1794, when the gentlemen of the metropolis enrolled themselves in a corps which was commanded by the Right Hon. Charles Hope, afterwards President of the Court of Session. If the truth must be told, it was chiefly of the Tory or Anti-jacobin party that the original regiment was composed; and their object was not to defend their country against a foreign foe, but to overawe their fellow-subjects, whose minds were unsettled by the French Revolution, and who, under the title of the "Friends of the People," were but too likely to disturb the institutions of the country. This was soon after followed by the enlistment of a yeomanry corps, of which Mr. Scott, afterwards the darling and the pride of Scotland, was a conspicuous member. In the introduction to one of the cantos of "Marmion," he reminds his friend Skene—

"Eleven years we now may tell
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand."

An expression of Scott's which I heard at the time, but which it is as well not to repeat, showed that his views of combat were not with the dragoons of Kellerman, who turned the day at Marengo, but with enemies nearer home. But in a very short time all this bad spirit passed away, and all ranks, gentle and simple, convinced of real danger from the colossal power of Napoleon, united to form a brigade worthy of the capital of Scotland. I joined the volunteers in 1803, when Lord Moira, *sans peur et sans reproche*, came down to Scotland as Commander-in-Chief, and when invasion was so imminent that we were told in regimental orders that an alarm might be hourly expected. Long years of disaster followed: nation after nation fell under the arms of the Great Captain; and Britain, excluded from the Continent and without an ally, only continued the contest in honourable despair. In process of time the retreat from Moscow and the defeat at Leipzig, with their consequences, removed the conqueror for a season, and the volunteers returned to the duties of civil life.

It was in the grounds of Heriot's Hospital, on the

south side of the building, where the poor persecuted Covenanters stole into the city after the battle of Pentland, that the gentlemen of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers learned their exercise. On that spot, in July 1814, I heard the Lord President Hope address his regiment previous to disbanding, and tell them that on that day twenty years before their first squad began to drill. More than fifty years have elapsed since those great wars, and now a Napoleon is again the arbiter of Europe, and battles greater than those of the first empire have been fought in our own day.

In the spring of 1816 the 42nd returned from the campaign of Waterloo. I remember all Edinburgh astir to welcome their gallant countrymen. They came in two divisions, on successive days, from the eastward. On the first day all regularity of discipline was suspended as the eager crowd pressed upon them from the Canongate to the Castle, and their drums and bands were hushed; the second day, before they reached the city, an escort of cavalry surrounded the band; Colonel Stewart, of Garth, and other veteran officers of the corps marched at their head, and they made their way to the Castle amidst the shouts of their admiring countrymen.

The last Edinburgh reminiscence to which I shall allude belongs to the year 1822, when I helped to line the streets during a procession when George IV marched in state from Holyrood Palace to the Castle by the Canongate and High Street. Conspicuous were the fourteen incorporated trades of Edinburgh, which had fought at Flodden, under their famous banner called the Blue Blanket. This is still preserved, and was brought out on this great national festival and consigned to the Barber-Surgeons, of which I was a member. For the King's visit everything Scotch was assiduously gathered together. He came in from his residence at the Duke of Buccleugh's palace at Dalkeith, enveloped in a whirlwind of Scots Grays; Highland chieftains came from Skye and the Grampians, followed by a great portion of their clans, and their gillies, with long rifles, accustomed to deer-stalking, and some of them swift enough to run alongside the equipage of Lord Fife, and keep pace with the horses at a brisk trot. Yeomanry cavalry from Fife, and Perth, and Mid-Lothian were there; while Sir Walter Scott was everywhere, the directing genius of the whole. On the day of the procession it moved from Holyrood House under a roar of congratulation. A smart shower annoyed for a time the gay holiday dresses both of ladies and gentlemen, still the procession ascended through waving handkerchiefs and applauding hands till it reached the Castle Hill; there the entrance of the multitude was forbidden, and the pageant, made up of heralds, squires, and chieftains, and the hereditary officers of the throne, expanded in all its beauty. On the King's arrival at the Castle gates, he was received with some customary formalities by the officers, and led within the walls. The ranges of wall and the embrasures from the ground were crowded with the garrison, and above them all, on the brow of the highest battery, stood the King alone. After a short interval, the Castle commenced the royal salute, and between the discharges his Majesty was seen waving his hat in answer to the acclamations below. The procession returned to Holyrood by the Calton Hill, attended by the Scottish regalia, which, after disappearance for more than a century, had been found four years before in a chest covered with dust a foot thick. The grim Duke of Hamilton, in the dress of a courtier of the first Charles—the velvet hat, satin slashed doublet, and deep vandyked collar—carried the Scottish crown, and often pointed to it, as it lay on his horse's shoulders, to draw forth the cheers of the populace.

I do not remember any other very remarkable occurrence in which I was personally concerned. Edinburgh about that time sank to the importance of a mere provincial town, distinguished, however, by its courts of law and its far-famed schools and University. A momentary spurt of nationality burst forth in 1829, when the celebrated piece of ordnance known as Mons Meg was sent down by Government from the Tower, where I had seen it on my first journey to London lying neglected on the ground. It was the subject of many a legend in our schoolboy talk of the glories of Scotland, and of Wallace and Bruce.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

v.

We will next take the two colleges which stand foremost in the modern intellectual history of Oxford—Oriel and Balliol. The etymology of the word Oriel has been much discussed. It is, perhaps, most correctly derived from the mediæval word *oriolum*, meaning porch or gateway, or rather the room over the porch or gateway, which often contained a small chapel or oratory. It is supposed that an ancient chapel once stood here, belonging to a chaplain of Queen Eleanor of Castile, and called *La Oriole*. A story says that Edward the Second, flying from the field of Bannockburn, vowed that he would found a religious house in honour of the Virgin, if ever he returned in safety. He performed his vows, and traces of his original foundation still remain in a certain groined crypt, and some arches. Edward III gave the present site, which belonged to his mother's chaplain; and hence is explained the frequent appearance of the Spanish pomegranates among the college decorations. The present buildings are comparatively modern, none being older than 1620. The most ancient relique is a cross of Edward II, with a Latin inscription; there are pictures of the same king's, and a statue of Edward the Third's over the gateway. The flight of steps to the hall is at once strikingly seen on emerging from the gateway. You enter the hall through a porch, over which are canopied figures. Beyond the outward quadrangle there is an inner quadrangle of somewhat irregular formation; and there is a curious Runic inscription, by Bishop Robinson, who built its eastern side, signifying, "Man is but a heap of dust." The library is very good, and contains the collection made by the famous Prynn, who, having lost his ears most cruelly for his "Histroiastix," in the earlier years of Charles the First, subsided into a steady loyalist in the time of Charles II. In the common room beneath is a well-known painting by Vasari. Oriel rejoices in the illustrious names of Sir Walter Raleigh and Bishop Butler among its sons; but perhaps in modern times it has been still more memorable for the brilliant galaxy of men whom its open fellowships have added to the Society.

"The visitor," says Mr. Burges, a Fellow of Oriel, in the letter-press to a costly artistic work on Oxford, "whose curiosity has been excited by its present fame, gazes with disappointment on a collection of buildings which have with them so few of the circumstances of dignity or wealth. Broad quadrangles, high halls and chambers, ornamented cloisters, stately walks or umbrageous gardens, a throng of students, ample revenues, or a glorious history—none of these things were the portion of that foundation; nothing, in short, which, to the common eye, sixty years ago would have given tokens of what it was to be. But it had at that time a spirit working within it which enabled its inmates to do, amid its

seeming insignificance, what no other body in the place could equal : not a very abstruse gift or extraordinary boast, but a rare one—the honest purpose to administer the trust committed to them in such a way as their conscience pointed out as best. So, whereas the colleges

Evelleigh belongs the honour of originating the statute prescribing public examinations, which rapidly lifted the University, as a place of education, out of the prostrate condition in which it had lain for upwards of a century. “He was, I verily believe,” writes Mr. Keble, “a man to



BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

of Oxford are self-electing bodies, the Fellows in each perpetually filling up from among themselves the vacancies which occur in their number, the members of this foundation determined, at a time when, either from evil custom or from ancient statute, such a thing was not known elsewhere, to throw open their fellowships to the competition of all comers, and, in the choice of associates, henceforth to cast to the winds every personal motive and feeling, family connection, and friendship, and patronage, and political interest, and local claim, and prejudice, and party jealousy, and to elect solely on public and patriotic grounds. Nay, with a remarkable independence of mind, they resolved that even the table of honours, awarded to literary merit by the University in its new system of examination for degrees, should not fetter their judgment as electors, but that, at all risks, and whatever criticism it might cause, and whatever odium they might incur, they would select the men, whoever they were, to be children of their founder, whom they thought, in their consciences, to be most likely, from their intellectual and moral qualities, to please him if (as they expressed it) he were still upon earth; most likely to do honour to his college; most likely to promote the objects which they believed he had at heart.”

No college in Oxford boasts of a larger number of illustrious modern names than Oriel. Too well known, in fact, are they to require enumeration in this place; but it ought to be specially recorded that to Provost

bring down a blessing upon any society of which he was a member.” Provost Copleston completed the work, and achieved for the house over which he presided the foremost place among the colleges of Oxford. It may be mentioned that the Fellows of Oriel were the first to abandon that excessive use of wine which continued to degrade the upper ranks of English society until a period within the memory of not very aged persons. This was the first common-room in which tea was drunk. An aged and honoured head of a house remembers the contempt with which, some forty years ago, it used to be said, “Why, those fellows drink tea!”

For the information of posterity, and as a specimen of what we wish had been more frequently done, we will here specify the rooms which were chiefly inhabited by a few celebrated Oriel men, though we are not unconscious that our solicitude in this behalf may provoke a smile from some of our contemporaries. Archbishop Whately, then, lived in No. 3, first floor to the right, the rooms which are now occupied by the Rev. C. Marriott. He was succeeded in those rooms by the Rev. J. H. Newman. Dr. Whately, as Fellow, has also lived in the rooms opposite, and, as an undergraduate, in Robinson’s Buildings, ground floor to the right. The Rev. John Keble lived in No. 2, first floor to the right, opposite C. C. C. gateway, the same rooms which Mr. Davison occupied. Immediately overhead, while an undergraduate, lived Bishop Hampden. Dr. Pusey’s rooms

were in No. 1, first floor to the right. Dr. Arnold, during the six years when he was a Fellow, never occupied rooms in the college; and Bishop Hampden left Oriel almost immediately after his election to a fellowship.

As Oriel gained its high reputation by throwing open its fellowships to public competition, so Balliol now leads the van of literary distinction at Oxford in great measure by its system of open scholarships. In great measure it owes this to the wise and happy rule of a deceased master, Dr. Jenkyns; and since his time Balliol, beyond any other college, has been distinguished on the class list. The new and beautiful chapel was partly built as a memorial to Dr. Jenkyns, who presided over Balliol for five-and-thirty years. The present chapel is the fourth which has been used by the Society since its formation. It was erected by Butterfield in 1836-7, in the early Gothic-Lombard style, "in questionable taste, of alternate layers of red and white stone, and is exceedingly gorgeous in its internal decorations" (Murray). Of late years also a new building, with a gateway tower, has been erected on the northern end of the grove. There was once a terraced walk fronting the principal gateway, shaded with elms, but this has unfortunately disappeared. Library and hall are both excellent and interesting of their kind; the hall with the customary portraits of collegiate worthies. Many are the illustrious scions enumerated by Balliol: the list comprises such names as Tunstal of Durham, Archbishop Morton, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the wise and gentle Evelyn, Kyrie, whom Pope has immortalized as the Man of Ross, Southey the poet, and others.

The origin of Balliol College is highly curious. John de Balliol, a powerful nobleman, was summoned for some transgression to be scourged at the doors of Durham Cathedral: he was allowed to commute this punishment by giving an endowment to poor scholars from Durham. The grant thus made was confirmed by Devorgilla his widow. The original statutes of 1282 are still preserved, the seal very plainly representing the founders kneeling, each with one hand raised, on which rest the college buildings. On various parts of the buildings may be discovered a gridiron carved in stone, the emblem of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, a memorial of lands in the London parish of St. Lawrence, Jewry, with the advowson thereof, conveyed to the college by one of its earliest benefactors.

Among the exhibitions at Balliol College, none are of greater importance or of larger pecuniary value than the well-known Snell Exhibitions, for students proceeding from the University of Glasgow to this college. These exhibitions were founded by Mr. Snell, a native of Ayrshire, who was himself educated at Glasgow College in the middle of the seventeenth century, and who bequeathed certain Warwickshire lands for this purpose. Bishop Warner, the munificent founder of Bromley College, had also left liberal benefactions for Scottish students. These exhibitions have been the means of introducing many illustrious Scotchmen into public life. First amongst these may be enumerated the illustrious writer Adam Smith, Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott and the editor of the "Quarterly," the profound metaphysician Sir William Hamilton, the celebrated physician Dr. Baillie, the celebrated Scotch lawyer Inglis, Lord Mencieff, and, finally, Dr. Tait, the Bishop of London; a list that includes some of the most memorable *alumni* of Balliol. Many men of integrity and ability have, by means of these and similar exhibitions at Balliol and other colleges, been enabled to distinguish themselves in Church and State, who other-

wise would have been debarred from the learned professions.

Balliol will doubtless be long distinguished by the intellectual attainment of its members, and will long be in the van of all literary distinctions. The matriculation examinations aim at a much higher standard than is the case elsewhere, and it seems generally understood that, in the ordinary course, each undergraduate member shall strive for University honours. The tutorial system is exceedingly good, and Balliol also furnishes an unusual number of men to the staff of the professoriate. A Balliol scholarship ranks far higher than a scholarship at any other college; the fellowships are, of course, better still, but; nevertheless, the Fellows of Balliol are hardly so distinguished as the Fellows of Oriel.

The intellectual influences of Oriel and Balliol have spread far beyond any academical limits. They have brought to bear new and vast forces on the human mind, and have quickened the intellectual and spiritual life of the country. In many respects these influences may have been fraught with unhappiness and disaster, and even shipwreck of the faith; yet they have also accomplished great good in various directions, and we may hope that the evil may be overruled for good, and that the good may indefinitely extend. In no colleges more than these will the subtle influences of the *genius loci* be felt. It is something, as in the case of Oriel, to belong to a college associated with the robust, earnest intellect of Whately, and the sweet solemn music of Keble, and that deep Christian faith common to both. It is, however, when we go into the world of literature, politics, and free discussion that we are best able to discern the broad impress left in many directions on the mind of our generation by the master intellects of Oriel and Balliol; and it is eminently satisfactory to know that such men have brought into use and form the rigid adherence of their nursing colleges to the wishes of founders and the rules of equity.

AMERICAN QUAIL AND GROUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN TEXAS."

The American quail, or partridge,* as it is wrongly termed in the Southern States, is found as far north as Western Canada, the eastern or lower province being too cold for them. With the exception of the common wild duck (*Anas Boschas*), no other bird is common to the Old and New Worlds. Scientifically and practically the American quail (*Ortyx Virginiana*) is neither true quail nor true partridge. The bird of which we are writing is considered by naturalists as being a connecting link between the two *sub genera*. Far south—in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, &c.—they are not migratory in any sense; the same birds, if undisturbed, being found in their regular range year after year; but in the far north in the autumn, known as the "running season," they fly before the cold weather, seeking sheltered lowlands hundreds of miles distant from where they were bred; for there in the winter the snow lies long upon the ground, and all access to the grass-seeds, berries, etc., is cut off from them. In New Jersey, where the snow often covers the ground for a week or two at a time, the quail seek the rough grass meadows, where the snow is supported by the stout tussocks, and here, in these natural galleries, which often run for hundreds

* For the information of those who do not understand the distinctions between game birds, I may as well state that neither the partridge nor pheasant is feathered below the thigh, and that all grouse are feathered on the legs, some quite to the claws.

of yards in all directions, the quail live comfortably, protected from the cold by the snow, and feeding upon the seeds of the rough grass.

In the South the quail pair towards the latter end of March or the beginning of April, the nest being simply a place trampled in some tuft of grass, generally sheltered by a bush or tree, or in the corner of some "snake-fence," or close to the root of an old stump. Mr. Daniel, speaking of the fecundity of the English partridge, states that he discovered a nest in which were thirty-three eggs, another with twenty-eight, and a third with thirty-three. He does not, however, state how many were hatched from either of these three nests, but it is impossible that all could have been, as no partridge could possibly cover so many, unless the season was an extraordinarily hot one. I have in Texas frequently seen bevvies of twenty-five, counting the two old ones. The hen, during the period of incubation, becomes quite poor, and undergoes the process of a moult, which provides a quantity of downy feathers to aid in keeping the eggs warm; she also sits so closely as almost to starve herself. The young are very strong when first hatched, and they have often been seen running about with a portion of the shell upon their backs. During the hen's sittings, the cock is often found perched upon some fence, rail, or low bush near her, repeating for an hour at a time his peculiar whistling cry of *Ah-Bob-White*, as if to cheer his mate. In some instances he has been reported to relieve the hen, and take her place, while she sought food. I do not think this often happens. Dry, hot weather is immensely in favour of the newly-hatched chicks—damp or wet weather speedily killing them. As soon as the brood is hatched, the cock joins the hen, and helps her search for food for their nimble little progeny, and displays great courage in protecting them from danger. When alarmed, the young birds instinctively skulk in the deep grass, and remain perfectly motionless, while the old ones resort to every artifice to ward off the impending danger. If surprised by an enemy before the young are sufficiently fledged to fly, the old birds take wing, and the young hide themselves in the nearest cover they can run into. The hen, after flying a few hundred yards, alights, and returns by a circuitous path to the place she has just flown from, and, gently clucking, she soon gathers her scattered brood, and leads them from danger; the cock doing all he can during this time to lure the intruder away by tumbling confusedly before him, drooping his wings, and fluttering as though badly wounded. When all danger has passed, the cock soon rejoins the others.

An American writer says of the quail that, "where there appears a probability of success, they will not hesitate to attack any enemy that assails them; and it is no uncommon thing for the old ones to be seen flying up at hawks or birds of prey, screaming and fighting with all vigour to defend their helpless offspring. Several years ago we witnessed a desperate battle between a cock quail and a black snake, which rather singular combat would, however, soon have proved fatal to the former, if we had not so opportunely come to his rescue, as the serpent had already caught the exhausted bird by the wing; and so deadly was the grasp that he even held on to his affrighted, but nevertheless courageous victim, after we had broken his back with a blow from a large stick. On searching the grass around, we discovered two very young fledglings, somewhat mutilated and nearly dead, both of which, no doubt, had been seized by his snakeship as a dainty meal, which he was not, however, permitted to enjoy, owing to the bold attack of the parent bird."

Perhaps the most singular thing about the American quail is a power—possessed by no other game that I know of—of retaining their scent after being flushed when first found. Hundreds of times I have found a bevy of quail, put them up and marked them down to an inch; I have then carried my pointers to the spot. They have hunted it closely, but failed to find the birds. I have then trampled the place foot by foot; and when a bird was touched it would rise, so that I knew they were there. Then retiring for half an hour, till the birds had begun to call, I have taken the dogs back, and they have found them precisely in the same spot they had hunted so fruitlessly half an hour before.

The pinnated grouse, or prairie-hen (*Tetrao cupido*), abounds in Texas and on all the western prairies, and is found far northward on the Missouri river: in the Middle and Eastern States it has been almost extirpated. For the last year or two Londoners have had an opportunity of seeing numbers of these fine birds hanging up in the markets and game-dealers' shops, as, owing to steam, they can, in the winter, be brought over quite fresh from the great prairies of Illinois and Ohio.

On each side of the neck, and about an inch distant from the head, are the tufts of lanceolate elongated feathers which have given the bird its distinctive name of *pinnated*. These tufts are much smaller in the hen than in the male bird. The cock has, below these tufts, an oblong bare space of yellow skin, which he can inflate, and in the spring, when pairing, these spaces are blown out to the size, and they have much the same appearance, as two large oranges, one fastened on each side of its neck; and, as the bird droops his wings, spreads his tail into a fan, and swells his feathers—exactly as a turkey-cock struts—it gives the bird a very strange appearance. In Texas, of an evening, after the sun has begun to get low, I have killed to my pointers ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty brace in about two hours' shooting. Like our English red grouse, the broods vary in size from seven or eight to twelve or fifteen, and sometimes more, chicks to a brood.

In April, when they pair, the male bird makes a noise which sounds like the bellowing of a bull at a distance, and this noise is said to be audible three miles off.

The ruffed grouse (*Tetrao umbellus*) is next in size to the prairie-hen. In Canada and the Eastern States it is called the partridge, whilst in the West it is called a pheasant, although no true pheasant exists in all America so far as it has been explored. In the spring the drumming of the male resounds through the woods, and is thus performed:—Selecting a fallen tree, the bird spreads his tail, draws his head back towards it, drops its wings, and strut along the tree after the manner of a turkey-cock. A few moments are spent thus, and then all its feathers are drawn close to its body, then it begins to strike its stiffened wings in short, quick strokes, at first distinct, but presently the sounds of the strokes run into one another confusedly, causing a tremor in the air not unlike distant thunder. The male makes use of the same tree for this purpose through the season. The female never drums. The ruffed grouse, like the wild turkey, is polygamous, and does not pair.

These birds are common from Labrador to Maryland. All the species of this genus indicate the approach of rainy weather or a snow-storm with far more precision than the best barometer; for on the afternoon previous to such weather they all resort to their roosting-places earlier by several hours than they do during a continuation of fine weather. I have seen groups of these grouse flying up to their roosts at mid-day, or as soon as the weather felt heavy, and have observed that it generally

rained in the course of the afternoon. When, on the contrary, the same flock would remain busily engaged in search of food until sunset, I found the night and the following morning fresh and clear.

Next to this is the Canada grouse (*Tetrao Canadensis*), or spruce-partridge. It is not so common in the settled portions of Canada as the ruffed grouse, though in the more retired recesses of the forest it is plentiful. It is found in the northern parts of the State of New York, in Massachusetts, and in Maine. This bird has been less shot by sportsmen than any other of the grouse tribe, even fewer than of the willow-grouse, or willow-ptarmigan, and its habits have only been studied by Audubon and Wilson. The former thus describes it: "The spruce-partridge, or Canada grouse, breeds in the States of Maine and Massachusetts about the middle of May, nearly a month earlier than at Labrador. The males pay their addresses to the females by strutting before them on the ground or moss, in the manner of a turkey-cock, frequently rising several yards in the air in a spiral manner, when they beat their wings violently against their body, thereby producing a drumming noise, clearer than that of the ruffed grouse, and which can be heard at a considerable distance. The female places her nest beneath the low, horizontal branches of fir-trees, taking care to conceal it well. It consists of a bed of twigs, dry leaves, and mosses, on which she deposits from eight to fourteen eggs, of a deep fawn colour, irregularly splashed with different tints of brown. They raise only one brood in the season, and the young follow the mother as soon as hatched. The males leave the females whenever incubation has commenced, and do not join them again until late autumn; indeed, they remove to different woods, when they are more shy and wary than during the love-season, or in winter."

Of the willow-grouse (*Tetrao saliceti*) of America but little is known, less than of the European willow-ptarmigan, found in Norway; but the two are supposed to be, if not identical, very much alike.

HOME VISIONS.

I HAVE gone—I cannot always go, you know :
Best 'tis so—
Home across the distant ridges of the years
With my tears,
And the old house, standing still in the old ground,
There I found.

In the parlour, in my fancy, I could trace
Father's face ;
And my mother, with her old accustomed air,
Sitting there ;
Whilst beside them, brothers, sisters, true and good,
Silent stood.

Through the stillness swam the song of summer bird
And there stirred
On the wall the leaf-flecked sunshine ; and its glow
Faded slow :
But, from all the loving lips I watched around,
Not a sound.

Then I went up-stairs, slow entering 'mid their glooms
All the rooms ;
And I trod with softened step along the floors,
Opened doors :
But I never heard a voice or met a soul
In the whole.

Of the breaths that stirred the draperies to and fro
Long ago—
Of the eyes that through the casements used to peep
Out of sleep—
Of the feet that in these chambers used to run—
Now are none.

Of the sunshine pouring downward from the sky,
Blue and high—
Of the leafage and the ancient garden plot,
Brown and hot—
Of the streamlet, and the shingle, and the tide—
These abide.

But beyond the azure vaulting overhead
Are my dead.
Though their graves were dug apart in many lands,
Joining hands,
They have gathered, and are waiting till I come :
THAT is Home!

A. N.

AN ORCHARD SONG.

WINTER orchards, piled with branches gaunt and lichenized, stiff and bare,
Blackening to the dreary landscape when the snow-clouds numb the air,
How the robin loves to linger twittering in the twilight there !

Spring-time orchards, flushed with sunshine, calling buds to open wide—
Bounded buds, like fairy vases, with the finest emerald dyed,
Shedding perfume to the breezes as they swing from side to side.

Summer orchards, white with blossoms, dropping white flakes all around
Wafted, oh, so softly, downwards, till they rest without a sound
With the dew-drops, and the daisies, and the mosses on the ground.

Autumn orchards, dense with leafage, bowered thickly overhead,
Where the clustering pears and apples ripen slowly brown and red,
And the children search for windfalls in the grass, with careful tread.

Orchards, orchards, all your lessons for our learning are not few :
Would our souls could sun and ripen, bearing fruit as we see you !
Would our lives bent to God's finger with an answer just as true !

A. N.

GREAT WARS OF GERMANY.

The causes of the war between Austria and Prussia, which will make memorable the year 1866, must be sought for in the remote past. A war of Northern against Southern Germany—the seeds of it were early sown in that division of the Fatherland, consequent on the Reformation, into Protestant and Roman Catholic states ; and, more recently, in the rise of the Hohenzollern family, with the growth of Prussia into great Protestant and leading state, and the attitude she has inevitably assumed of formidable rivalry and antagonism to Austria. Supremacy, if not sovereignty in Germany, is really the issue at stake between the two powers. It may not, therefore, be uninstructive to glance retrospectively over the page of history, and briefly to trace the great German wars of former times. These wars throw light upon the present condition of Germany, and show the hostility and jealousy which have existed for generations, covert or more openly declared, between the ancient house of Hapsburg and its more modern and ambitious rival.

The prolonged contest known as the Thirty Years' War began with the persecution of the Protestants in Bohemia in the year 1619, and was throughout mainly a war of religion—though influenced by political motives, and participated in by France especially for political purposes—between the imperial House of Austria and the Protestant States. Frederick, the weak yet ambitious Elector Palatine of the Rhine, having previously married the daughter of James I of England, placed himself at the head of the Protestants in Bohemia, and was raised to the throne of that kingdom soon afterwards. Overpowered in battle on the heights near Prague by the Emperor Ferdinand II, the unfortunate King was compelled to take refuge in Holland. Ferdinand, shortly before raised to the imperial dignity, was a man of marked energy of character, and a zealous Roman Catholic. Aided by the Duke of Bavaria and the princes of the League, he aimed at nothing short of the destruc-

tion of the faith and liberties of the Protestants. Aroused by the danger which menaced them, that party looked for friendly aid to foreign countries. A leader was found in the person of Christian IV, King of Denmark, who, assisted by other powers, took the field at the head of 60,000 men, in opposition to the forces of the Emperor. Lower Germany became the theatre of the war. Hitherto dependent upon Bavaria and the League for an armed force, the Emperor eagerly welcomed the proposal of Count Wallenstein to raise and equip at his own expense an army of 50,000 men. This remarkable man, afterwards created Duke of Friedland, ambitious, reckless, proud, and unprincipled, was the richest nobleman in Bohemia, and figures prominently in the Thirty Years' War as the great commander of the Imperialists. The celebrated Tilly headed the co-operating army of the Bavarians. Count Mansfield, whose free sword and military ardour were persistently exerted on the Protestant side, supported Christian IV, and operated to prevent the junction of Wallenstein and Tilly. Near the village of Lutter, in Barenberg, the Danes awaited the advance of the Bavarian general. Thrice did their brave monarch lead them in person to the attack, but the superior numbers and discipline of the Imperial troops prevailed. In this battle, so disastrous to the cause he had undertaken, Christian IV lost 4000 men, together with standards, artillery, baggage, and ammunition. Thoroughly overthrown, he was forced to cede all the fortresses, except Gluckstadt, which he held out of his own dominions, and to retire from the contest, under an engagement not to interfere again in the concerns of Germany.

The affairs of the Protestants were now reduced to the lowest ebb; but succour was at hand. Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish King, was preparing to embark for Germany at the head of an army which, if not numerous, was well disciplined, and trained to victory in previous wars with Poland. He had suffered indignities at the hands of the Emperor Ferdinand, and had, in addition to his desire to act as the champion of the Protestants, personal and political motives to urge him to undertake the enterprise. The greatest general of the age, he was animated by a sincere and ardent piety, and had an eye to the morals not less than to the bravery of his troops, who were ordered to assemble regularly for morning and evening prayers. The character of the Swedish monarch, and the spirit in which he entered upon the war, will, however, best be shown in words which he addressed to the Diet at Stockholm on the eve of his departure. "Not lightly or wantonly," said he, "am I about to involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I do not fight to gratify my own ambition. But the Emperor has wronged me most shamefully in the person of my ambassador. He has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and even stretched his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them." Gustavus Adolphus landed in Germany on the 24th of June, 1630. In the following year he encountered the Imperialists, commanded by Tilly, on the broad plains of Leipzig. Dressed in a simple gray great-coat, with a green feather in his white hat, he rode along the ranks encouraging his men. The order and discipline of his troops, and the new system of tactics he had acquired in Poland, which consisted in rapid and vigorous movement, gave him signal advantages in the battle, which resulted in the complete discomfiture of Tilly's army.

A series of successes to the Swedish hero followed this first decisive encounter.

Wallenstein, restored to the command from which he had been displaced, now took the field in opposition to Gustavus. After some manoeuvring, these redoubtable generals met near Lützen. The eventful morning of the 6th of November, 1632, dawned; but a mist, which spread over the plain, delayed the attack till noon. Kneeling in front of his lines, the Swedish King offered up his devotions; and the whole army, dropping on their knees at the same moment, burst into a stirring hymn, accompanied by military music. This great battle consisted of a series of murderous attacks, which lasted until night separated the combatants. Of the two armies, 9000 men lay dead on the field; and so shattered were the forces of Wallenstein, that scarcely a man escaped from the field uninjured. He retired to Leipzig without artillery, without colours, and almost without arms. Early in the day Gustavus Adolphus fell, pierced by repeated bullets, and breathed his last amid the plundering hands of the Croats; but the death of their leader only excited the bravery of his devoted soldiers, and helped to gain the victory which was secured to the Protestant cause on that ever-to-be-remembered field of Lützen.

Gustavus Adolphus has been described, and with truth, as the only *just* conqueror which had until then figured in history. In person extremely fine and majestic, his eyes were blue and gentle in expression, his manners commanding, noble, and conciliatory, and his countenance open and attractive. In the height of his success he was not less a hero, nor did he forget that he was a Christian; while the hardships of war he shared equally with the meanest soldier in his army. But perhaps the greatness of the man surpassed that of the general, and was best shown in that lofty energy which he imparted to the Swedish nation, and which he also infused into the weakened and dispirited Protestants of Germany, when with such signal success he maintained their cause against their relentless and imperial adversary.

Deeming the loss of their great leader fatal to the success of the Protestants, the Emperor Ferdinand resumed the war, and continued it until his death, which occurred in 1637. It was then taken up and maintained with equal vigour by his successor on the imperial throne, Ferdinand III. On the part of the Protestants the great contest was prosecuted by generals brought up by Gustavus Adolphus, who were supported in its closing years by Richelieu, the great Cardinal minister of France, whose main policy it then was to humble the house of Austria. Of those who fought on the Protestant side, history records with honour the names of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Banner, Torstenson, Wrangel, and others, who shook the Austrian power until it was forced into submission, and thus secured the liberties of Germany. The Thirty Years' War spread over the whole of Germany, from the Danube and the Rhine to the shores of the Baltic, and continued without intermission from the battle of Prague until the peace of Westphalia was concluded in 1648. The ravages committed were fearful, in destroyed harvests, in villages and towns reduced to ashes, in the waste of human life, and in the general repression of the influences of civilization. All that the war left to Germany were hope and liberty. The treaty of Westphalia, one of the most important in history, not only gave repose to a torn and troubled continent, but became a fundamental law of the Germanic empire, and the acknowledged basis of the international policy of Europe.

The tranquillity of Germany continued undisturbed until it was broken by the ambitious designs of Louis XIV of France. His armies overran a large part of the Spanish Netherlands, and also made war against the Dutch. Having conquered Franche Comté in 1674, he again, in 1681, invaded and occupied Alsace; while the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, secured to the French King the territories he had gained. One main object of Louis in his wars was to annex neighbouring provinces; but, since his marriage to the Spanish Infanta, in 1659, he had the ulterior object of securing to the house of Bourbon the entire dominions of Spain. When the demise of Charles II occurred, the grandson of Louis, under the title of Philip V, accordingly succeeded him. This called forth the opposition of the other powers of Europe, and a grand alliance was formed against France, comprising England, Austria, and Holland. The design was to humble Louis, and to substitute an Austrian for a Bourbon prince on the throne of Spain. Hence arose the War of the Spanish Succession, which was in part fought on the soil of Germany, and which lasted for twelve years. Under the command of Marlborough, the forces of the allies gained repeated victories over the French armies, the most signal and disastrous of which to Louis was that of Blenheim, which first signally turned against him the tide of military success, and which, followed as it was by the victories of Ramillies and Oudenarde, resulted in the complete deliverance of Germany from the power of France.

The treaty of Utrecht, concluded in 1713, like that of Westphalia in a former generation, closed a period of warfare and introduced a time of peace. The War of the Austrian Succession began soon after the death of Charles VI of Austria, in 1740. In this year also expired Frederick William of Prussia, celebrated for his economical habits and his love of tall grenadiers. Prussia had been erected into a kingdom in 1701. Frederick, son of the great Elector of Brandenburg, its first King, purchased the assent of Austria to the creation by lending his battalions in aid of the Imperial Government against France. These troops did good service on behalf of the allies, and helped to achieve the victories of Marlborough. Prussia was left, considerably augmented, by Frederick I, to his son Frederick William, at the end of whose reign of twenty-seven years it passed, in 1740, into the hands of his son Frederick the Great, increased in extent by 5000 square miles, and in numbers by a population of 900,000. The dispute as to the Austrian crown was seized by Frederick the Great for the purpose of still further aggrandisement. He marched his troops into Silesia, and took possession of that country. After a first, and subsequently a second Silesian war, the coveted territory remained in the possession of Frederick; but in its acquisition he spent all the money collected by the frugality of his father. Maria Theresa of Austria was not of the temper to submit tamely to the loss of Silesia. She induced Russia and Saxony to enter into a coalition against the Prussian King, which was soon afterwards joined by France and Sweden. Its object was to partition the dominions of Frederick, and to reduce him to the rank of Marquis of Brandenburg. Made aware of the object and plans of his enemies, Frederick, without waiting to declare war, marched into Saxony at the head of 70,000 men, and occupied Dresden. Thus began the Seven Years' War. The only ally of Prussia was Great Britain. Her aid was, however, subsequently withdrawn in the hour of Frederick's greatest need, and he was left to cope single-handed with his numerous adversaries. In a sanguinary battle he defeated the Austrians at Prague,

May 6th, 1757, yet, being followed by several reverses, he was unable to hold his position in Bohemia. In November he achieved, in Saxony, the grand exploit of Rossbach, when he entirely routed a French army three times more numerous than his own. This victory raised to the utmost Frederick's fame and power in Europe. In the same year he gained another victory over the Austrians, in a battle which displayed his rare strategic genius, as well as the enthusiasm of his troops; while, in the third year of the campaign, he defeated the Russians near the village of Zorndorf. Still the great powers marshalled their forces against the Prussian hero, and more and more closely encircled him.

The years following were marked by a series of disasters, varied by some brilliant victories, such as that of Minden, gained by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and those of Leignitz and Torgau by the King himself. The most crushing defeat sustained by Frederick during the whole war was in the year 1759, in a two days' battle between the combined armies of Russia and Austria, which cost him the half of his effective forces, almost all his guns, and very nearly his capital. Berlin, however, did afterwards fall into the hands of the enemy, but was speedily recovered on Frederick marching to its relief. With almost all Europe banded against him, but still maintaining his ground, the King continued the struggle until 1761, when the accession of Peter III to the throne of the Czars converted Russia from an adversary to an ally. France also became weary of the contest, and the German princes called loudly for peace. Maria Theresa consented to an armistice, and also, with much bitter feeling, to the peace of Hubertsburg, signed on the 21st February, 1763, which acknowledged Frederick as lord of Silesia. This territory, secured by the Seven Years' War, then became, and now remains, the proud possession of Prussia.

An unprejudiced English historian thus speaks of the Prussian monarch: "Never were the commanding qualities of the human mind exhibited with more sustained power than by Frederick the Great during the memorable period of the Seven Years' War. Unshaken fortitude under reverses, prompt energy in repairing them, the happiest combination of military talents with administrative capacity, distinguished this remarkable man, whose whole career is one of the most striking illustrations on record of what resolution, combined with intellectual power, can effect." It is reported that one morning, when Frederick heard a Pomeranian brigade marching towards its appointed post in the battle array, under the solemn sounds of one of those noble ancient hymns ("Gott des Himmels und der Erden"), all devoutly joining in the strain, his eyes filled with tears, and, turning to one of his generals, he said, "Ah, these troops must be invincible!" "Yet," adds the writer, "into the ferment and turmoil of his soul none of the soothing comforts of religion were ever seen to enter."

Frederick the Great, familiarly known to his subjects as "Old Fritz," died in 1786; and, three years later, the French Revolution broke out, which convulsed Europe to its depths, and ushered in an era of prolonged warfare, of which Germany had its full share, and which was not closed until the final overthrow of the French at Waterloo brought to an end the wars of Napoleon.

An attempt was made by the combined armies of Austria and Prussia, in 1792, to arrest the progress of the Revolution, and to restore the fallen Bourbons to the throne of France. The battle of Valmy ensued, in which the Republicans, under Dumouriez, defeated the

forces of the allies. This victory was decisive in favour of the revolutionary movement. Had the Duke of Brunswick marched to Paris, he might have saved the French monarch and Europe the terrible ordeal in store for them. Goethe, who was present at the battle, said in the allied camp after it was over, "From this place, and from this day forth, commences a new era in the world's history, and you can all say that you were present at its birth."

Two years after the battle of Valmy, Prussia disgracefully purchased for herself neutrality in the strife, by the cession to France of her territories on the left bank of the Rhine. Then followed the brilliant campaigns of Bonaparte in Italy, and the operations of Moreau against the Austrian Archduke Charles in Germany. On the 17th of October, 1797, was signed the peace of Campo Formio between Austria and France; and about a month later died the Prussian monarch Frederick William II, the successor of his uncle the Great Frederick. Prussia, still further aggrandised by the repeated partitions of Poland, passed under the sway of the new King Frederick William III with an addition to its territories of 38,808 square miles of land. Europe now enjoyed two years of peace; but the reverses which the French sustained in Egypt induced Austria to make another effort to retrieve her losses. She was joined by Great Britain and Russia. Hostilities began in Germany by the French passing the Upper Rhine on the 1st March, 1799. Various battles were fought; but that on the 1st December, 1800, at Hohenlinden, above all others, was fatal to the Austrians, and at once prostrated the strength of the monarchy. Peace was again for a season restored to Germany by the treaty of Lunéville, signed on the 9th February, 1801.

Frederick William III of Prussia, since his accession to the throne, had observed the neutrality which had been agreed to by his father, but in 1805 that neutrality was violated by Napoleon, and he secretly joined the coalition of Russia and Austria against France; but, before active steps could be taken for this end, Napoleon had obtained his brilliant and memorable victory over the allies at Austerlitz. The combination arrayed against him was at once dissolved, and Prussia, intending to fight, found it still to be her interest to crouch at the feet of the conqueror, and meanly accepted Hanover in exchange for some of its southern dominions ceded to France and Bavaria. The blow of Austerlitz, it is thought, proved fatal to Pitt, the great commoner of England, who had been the life and soul of all the formidable coalitions formed against the French Emperor. He died on the 23rd of January, 1806, exclaiming with his last breath, "Alas, my country!" The formation of the Confederation of the Rhine resulted in the dissolution of the last feeble bonds of what was but in name the German Empire. By a solemn deed the Emperor Francis renounced the throne of the Cæsars, and declared himself the first Emperor of Austria. The proposed restoration of Hanover to Great Britain, and other indignities received at the hands of Napoleon, threw Prussia into a ferment. Eager now, as she had before been backward, that power rushed headlong into war; but the overwhelming defeat sustained at Jena on the 14th of October placed Berlin and the whole of the Prussian territory in the hands of the French. The legions of Napoleon now marched early in the following year to encounter the Russians, who, freshly organized, had again taken up arms. A terrible battle was fought amid ice and snow, at Eylau, north of the Vistula. Victory having inclined to neither side, the French Emperor, discouraged by the aspect of affairs, offered peace to Alexander, which,

however, he refused. The battle of Friedland, on the 14th of June, resulted in the defeat of the Russians: this defeat led to an armistice, and to the celebrated meeting of the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit, where the conditions of a peace were arranged. The two potentates, so lately opposed to each other in battle, for a time became fast friends and allies. A new campaign, opened by Austria in 1809, resulted in the capture of Vienna: a brave and resolute stand was made after this event by the Austrian armies, but again the fortune of war favoured Napoleon. A peace was concluded at Vienna, the conditions of which were very humiliating to the imperial house of Hapsburg, in the loss of extensive territories.

The fortunes of the extraordinary man who wielded the sceptre of France were now approaching their culminating point. Germany, and, indeed, the whole of Europe except Great Britain and Russia, owned his authority. The new kingdom of Westphalia was created in Central Germany, and his brother Jerome Bonaparte placed upon the throne; Prussia, reduced to a power of third order, existed only by sufferance; Austria, also subject, paid tribute to the conqueror.

The invasion of Russia in 1812, and the disastrous retreat of the French, form a terrible chapter in the history of modern wars. That fearful reverse to the arms of Napoleon, inflicted more, however, by the rigour of nature than by the power of man, gave fresh hope to the down-trodden German nations. The spring of the year 1813 is memorable for the resurrection of national life in Prussia, which impelled the Government to decisive steps. On the 1st of March a treaty was signed by Frederick William and the Emperor Alexander of Russia, by which they mutually bound themselves not to lay down their arms until peace on some sure and just basis was restored to Europe. Austria, not then ready to act, subsequently joined the alliance, while England engaged to supply such funds as should be required to put the armies in motion. Without delay, in a series of sanguinary engagements, was opened in the heart of Germany what is known as the Leipzig Campaign—so named from the town of Leipzig, already celebrated in previous wars, where the last great effort was made by the opposing forces, and which has been termed "the fiercest and grandest battle that ever was fought in ancient or modern times." It lasted during the three days of the 16th, 17th, and 18th of October, 1813, and, ending in the defeat and retreat of the French troops, virtually decided the fate of Napoleon. At once Germany and the Northern States of Europe were freed from Gallic usurpation, and entire Europe, now banded together, sought to secure the final overthrow of the usurper. The campaign of 1814 began by the invasion of France, and ended in the triumphant entry of the allied armies into Paris. On the 4th of April Napoleon abdicated his crown. Then followed, in succession, his retirement to Elba, his return to France, the Hundred Days, the battle of Waterloo, and the final deliverance of Europe. From the peace secured in 1815 till 1866, though there have been internal troubles and commotions, and several Continental wars, the soil of Germany has been desolated by no great contest. Let us trust that, with the close of the conflict of this year, many generations may elapse before either the ambition of rulers or popular passion shall be permitted anew to afflict the Fatherland with the bloodshed, sufferings, and waste inevitable to warfare.

* * The minor German states and principalities are marked in the accompanying map by initials; thus: S.W., Saxe-Weimar; S.M., Saxe-Meiningen; S.A., Saxe-Altenbourg; H.H., Hesse-Hombourg, etc., etc.



MAP OF CENTRAL EUROPE.